The Mediterranean Is "Discovered"—*J. A. del Vayo*

THE *Nation*

March 31, 1951

Perón vs. a Free Press

BY JAMES H. SCHEUER

*

After the Kefauver Hearings

Cast No Stones - - - - *Willard Shelton*

The Unanswered Questions - *Editorial*

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The Year of the Three-Eyed Sloth

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

MAR 31 1951
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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

IF GENERAL MACARTHUR HAD SERIOUSLY wished to end the fighting in Korea, he would hardly have put his offer of a cease-fire in the form he did. It is one thing for the United Nations commander to suggest the possibility of a truce arranged by the generals in the field; such a device might in fact prove the best way of getting around Peking's objections to the Good Offices Committee set up by the United Nations resolution. But obviously MacArthur was not concerned with smoothing out difficulties. By linking his truce offer with threats of possible attacks on the Chinese mainland, and by explicitly ruling out such "extraneous matters" as Formosa and China's seat in the U. N., he practically invited a rejection by Peking. Nor was the offer made more palatable by his insistence on the present weakness and probable early collapse of the Chinese forces. The reaction to his move by the State Department revealed plainly the embarrassment it had caused in official quarters. The Department plainly stated that the political aspects of the Korean war were being dealt with "in the United Nations and by inter-governmental consultations." Which is to say simply that nothing the General said had authorization from any official source. But to repudiate an action is not to undo its effect. MacArthur's intervention, followed the next day by his announcement that United Nations' troops will cross the Thirty-eighth Parallel "if and when security makes it tactically advisable," has created an explosive situation which can only damage honest efforts to end the costly and prolonged struggle in Korea.

*

STILL MEETING IN CLOSED SESSIONS IN A desperate effort to reach agreement on the agenda for the Foreign Ministers' conference, the Big Four deputies found themselves as tightly deadlocked as ever. Consequently they recessed to consult with their governments, and as the fourth week began observers waited anxiously to see whether the talks between Ernest Davies and Foreign Secretary Morrison and the code exchanges between Andrei Gromyko and Moscow had resulted in any fresh instructions. Meanwhile, of course, certain minor concessions have been made by both sides. The Western representatives have yielded on several points. Mr. Gromyko, generally considered the most intransigent of the deputies, extended the concessions made on March 8 and 12, concerning the formulation of the agenda itself, by accepting on March 20 the idea of an international inspection of armed forces. This was regarded by the British as the greatest progress thus far made. The proposal was, however, dismissed as another propaganda trick by the United States delegation, never hopeful of an agreement. From the beginning the main difficulty has been the insistence of Mr. Gromyko on making the demilitarization of Germany a separate and leading item on the agenda. This has been firmly opposed by the United States delegation, which demands that consideration of German rearmament be subordinate to questions of world tensions and general limitation of arms. At one point it was thought that perhaps the only way out would be to make a list of subjects for the Foreign Ministers to discuss and to avoid any decisions on priority or substance. But this proved as useless as the closed sessions. The mere fact that while the deputies talk all kinds of new steps are being taken to secure and define the participation of Western Germany in the Atlantic Alliance has the effect of making Gromyko more stubborn in pushing to the front the issue of German rearmament. So far perhaps the only encouraging fact about the deputies' talk is that neither side is willing to be responsible for breaking them off.

*

ARRESTS IN BARCELONA FOLLOWING THE general strike have already reached the one thousand mark, although the authorities are trying by every means to give the impression of a complete return to normality. In Europe organized labor has rallied to the aid of the Barcelona workers. Jouhaux's non-Communist Force Ouvrière in France and the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions with headquarters in Brussels have launched actions designed to exercise pressure in favor of the arrested strikers and to procure funds for their aid. We hope the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L., both affiliated with the I. C. F. T. U., know of these efforts and will study ways to help. Detailed reports from inside Spain confirm the tremendous stimulus given by the strike to the anti-Franco movement throughout the country and the concern and restlessness caused among people close

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to Franco. One of the incidents related is amusing and revealing. A student pursued by the police lost a shoe just as he managed to find refuge in the University of Barcelona. A man walking by picked up the shoe before the policeman could get hold of this piece of evidence and disappeared with it. The police decided to wait at the door of the university until a student came out wearing only one shoe. At the luncheon hour, however, two hundred students left the building and not one was wearing both his shoes.

*

A CUNNING LOBBY HAS BEEN QUIETLY operating in recent months in various state capitals to saddle a soak-the-poor tax system on the country. This group, calling itself the Western Tax Association, has picked up a drive—repudiated six years ago at a time when its chief sponsor was the Committee for Constitutional Government—to limit federal income taxes to a maximum of 25 per cent. In Montana, Minnesota, and various other states where legislatures are now in session, the "tax association" has revived the campaign to get two-thirds of the states to memorialize Congress for a constitutional convention to write a tax-limitation amendment. The lobby's argument is that "initiative" is destroyed when the incomes of corporations and individuals are taxed at more than 25 per cent and that the way to save "initiative" is to limit Congressional taxing power.

*

THIS SOAK-THE-POOR PROGRAM REACHED its previous high mark in 1943, when seventeen states had indorsed the proposal; it was strongly repudiated in 1945 when five state legislatures rescinded earlier resolutions of approval. The proposal cannot stand open discussion; in 1945 the spotlight of publicity easily exposed the scheme as a shameless effort to destroy the traditional and democratic American system of taxation based on ability to pay. In 1945 it was enough to point out that, in the desire to escape a fair share of taxes, a right-wing lobby was attempting to do through state legislatures something that could never be done through Congress. The Constitution permits amendment through the initiative of two-thirds of the state legislatures, but the device has never been used in history. Adoption of the proposal would mean today that the federal government would lose $15,000,000,000 in revenue that could be balanced only by higher taxes on low-income families, by higher excises, and by a general sales tax. The Western Tax Association wants to cut the living standards of millions in order to give more luxuries to a few. State legislatures would be well advised to guard carefully against this attempt to reverse our tax policy by constitutional convention.

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FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE CURRENT witch hunt got under way in Hollywood, an open attempt is being made to influence awards for performance in the making of motion pictures. Ward Bond, treasurer of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, was quoted at length in a recent issue of *Daily Variety* on how he had managed to block an award which the California Teachers' Association had intended to give José Ferrer for his performance in "Cyrano." Mr. Bond said he told the teachers' group that it would be "blasted from coast to coast" if the award was presented. It should be noted that this intervention took place after Mr. Ferrer had publicly denied that he was a member of the Communist Party or a sympathizer with any of its aims. Mr. Bond not only dismissed this denial as "perjury" but said he would have "very grave misgivings about the membership of the Academy" should Oscars be awarded to Ferrer, Sam Jaffe, or Judy Holliday. At the same time he conceded that Mr. Ferrer's performance in "Cyrano" was "magnificent." Joyce O'Hara, speaking on behalf of the Motion Picture Association of America, has announced that film personalities who do not firmly deny any association with Communist-front organizations at the scheduled Washington hearings will undoubtedly find it difficult to get employment in Hollywood. Thus the policy of the black list has been extended to deny recognition to persons charged with subversion, though they have denied the charge and stand clothed with the presumption of innocence. The possibilities opened up for blackmail, log-rolling, and the systematic destruction of rivals and competitors are endless; yet we are asked to believe the internal security of the American people in a time of crisis will be promoted by this sort of inquisition.

*

THE NATION HAS INSTITUTED A LIBEL SUIT against Clement Greenberg and the *New Leader*. This action was occasioned by the appearance in the *New Leader* for March 19, 1951, of a letter by Clement Greenberg in which he made false allegations against *The Nation* and its foreign editor, J. Alvarez del Vayo. Mr. Greenberg had previously submitted the letter to us in two versions. *The Nation*, in conformity with general publication practice, refused to print it because it was clearly false and defamatory: a periodical has a public as well as a private duty not to spread untrue and malicious statements. We advised Mr. Greenberg that the publication of his letter elsewhere would be actionable. We repeated this notification to the *New Leader* when it informed us that it was publishing the second version of the Greenberg letter. After its appearance in last week's *New Leader* we immediately started suit against Mr. Greenberg and all involved in the publication and distribution of the letter.

An Imaginative Gamble

A TREATY embodying the Schuman Plan—which should perhaps be called the Monnet plan after its real author—has now been initialed by representatives of France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg. Despite the many modifications made in the course of ten month's negotiations, the plan retains most of its original features, and fears that it would be twisted to provide the framework for a glorified cartel have been partly set at rest. MM. Schuman and Monnet held fast to the idea of a single, unobstructed market for coal and steel, which, they believe, will prove an instrument for European unity by removing a major source of friction between France and Germany

Subject to ratification by their Parliaments, the six powers have agreed to abolish completely, after a five-year transitional period, all tariffs, trade restrictions, state subsidies, and other discriminatory measures affecting coal and steel. A new High Authority, subject to very elaborate checks and balances, will be created to supervise these industries, and the several states will undertake to enforce its decisions. The Authority will have power to allocate coal and steel in times of shortage and to set production quotas should unwieldy surpluses appear. It will be able to fix maximum and minimum prices, to force employers to raise abnormally low wages, to ban mergers that tend to limit competition, and to borrow money in order to finance expansion or to assist reemployment of labor displaced as the result of the removal of tariffs.

On paper the plan has many excellent features and, if it becomes effective, will certainly prove an interesting experiment in supra-national planning. But doubts remain about the willingness of French and German industrialists to cooperate whole-heartedly in making it a success. Both welcomed M. Schuman's initiative in May, 1950, because at that moment overproduction seemed to be an imminent danger for European steel. The post-Korea sellers' market has noticeably dampened enthusiasm, particularly in the Ruhr. Nevertheless, two practical considerations—the French steel industry's need for an assured supply of German coal and the German steel magnates' desire to free themselves from all restrictions on production—have proved persuasive.

In addition, both national groups have been influenced by the belief that implementation of the Schuman Plan might do something to attract American capital. Certainly it has been strongly favored by the American authorities, and it was pressure by our High Commissioner in Germany, John J. McCloy, that removed one major obstacle—the reluctance of the Ruhr industrialists to break up their central coal-sales agency and to allow the steel plants to free some of their captive coal mines.

It is by no means certain, however, that the Bonn

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Parliament will ratify the treaty, since opposition has been voiced by both right and left. Dr. Kurt Schumacher, the Social Democratic leader, has threatened to fight it to the limit, claiming that it will create unemployment in the Ruhr and promote French hegemony of Europe. Our own view is that France has more to fear than Germany, for owing to favorable geographical and other factors the Ruhr seems likely to be the chief gainer from the unified market. Thus the promoters of the Schuman Plan are staking much on their belief that economic integration of Western Europe will eliminate the proved dangers of concentration of industrial power in West Germany. It is a bold and imaginative gamble, and we hope it pays off; but we must confess to more than a little skepticism in view of the Bourbon-like qualities of the German steel magnates.

The Unanswered Questions

IF THE Senate Crime Investigating Committee has done nothing beyond jolting the American public out of a cynical apathy, it has much more than justified its existence. No one above the level of a high-grade moron has doubted that our cities have been plagued by racketeers or that our municipal governments have been infested by leeches who take in more in a month by protecting criminals than they can earn in a year's protection of the law-abiding. But we think Senator Kefauver's committee has done more than this—more even than to stimulate one of those periodic clean-ups that make our city governments a system of corruption tempered by intermittent reform. Thanks in part to television and in part to the decency with which it conducted its operations, the committee has raised a number of far-reaching questions which an unusually aroused public will want to have answered.

The first of these—TV or not TV?—is one on which informed people appear to be most evenly divided. Clearly it was the televising of the hearings in New York which did most to rouse an unprecedented public interest in the substance of the committee's work. There was something inspiring about the way in which the routine of the country was disrupted while housewives and as many others as were able to do so glued themselves to their television screens to watch an agency of government at work. They were there to see for themselves how a committee of the United States Senate went about stripping power from the Costellos, those shadowy underworld figures who, for years immune to the processes of the law, had made and broken public officials.

Here was an exciting extension of democracy. And yet there was no disputing the new dangers it created. Less scrupulous investigators—and Congress is full of them—could easily have turned the proceedings into a carnival of demagogy for their own advancement and the wilful confusion of the public. It is true, too, that the rights of a witness—theoretically no one in these investigations is a defendant—might be gravely prejudiced by the very process of televising. The fierce lights, the general air of excitement, and the stage fright induced at the thought that millions are watching every twitch of one's facial muscles are not likely to increase the poise of any but the most self-possessed and histrionic witness. If television is good for investigating committees, moreover, why not for sessions of Congress? But here the dangers are even more apparent. If Senator McCarthy can libel a citizen now or Representative Rankin an entire race, how much more poison could they distribute if allowed to appear in millions of living-rooms under an immunity that allows them to slander at will?

Another question, at least as hard to answer and one already too long evaded, is whether or not the laws on gambling are due for drastic revision. We are fully aware of the traps involved in any attempt to widen the area of legalized gambling, but the arguments, for and against, are certainly due for serious review by responsible civic groups. The present pattern of corruption is clear. Given the strong human impulse to bet rooted in whatever deep social, economic, or psychological causes, there are always racketeers ready to provide the means, policemen ready to protect the racketeers, and officials ready to protect the police—all for a share of the take. And given this system, there will also be blackmail, extortion, gangsterism, and the easy manipulation of vulnerable politicians by criminals. The question of legalizing off-the-track betting is certainly not a moral one, as Willard Shelton shows plainly enough in his article Cast No Stones, published elsewhere in this issue. Gambling is legal now—at the track, in the normal workings of business, and, not least, in Wall Street. The need is for a sober study of the whole problem, free of cant and hypocrisy.

Finally, the Kefauver hearings confront many liberals with the need to reconsider the major political parties as vehicles for good municipal government. The committee leaned over backward to be non-partisan, and its findings will reflect discredit on Republicans and Democrats alike. This is clearly as it should be, Philadelphia affording no prettier a picture than New York, and Saratoga having been just as much a gamblers' paradise under Democratic governors as it has been under Thomas E. Dewey. But in terms of the liberal vote the revelations will hit the Democrats harder, since supporters of the New Deal and the Fair Deal have tended to extend their allegiance to the Democratic Party on the local level. Testimony before the Senate committee strongly indicates that the difference between the administrations of James J. Walker and William O'Dwyer was one of degree rather than of kind. The result should be either a

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tremendous strengthening of independent groups, like the Liberal Party in New York, the rebirth of a fusion movement of the kind that kept Mayor LaGuardia in office, or a growing demand for the elimination of all parties in municipal government and substitution of some kind of city-manager arrangement.

None of these questions can be dealt with quickly or easily, but they are the really important products of the Kefauver committee's work. It would be a tragic waste of time, effort, money, and public interest if they were lost sight of in a flurry of indictments for perjury and income-tax evasion, followed by a return to apathy and a tired cynicism.

Cast No Stones

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, March 22

AS THE gaudy Kefauver "road show" has paraded some of the unsavory facts of American political life across millions of television screens, the predominant feeling in the vast audience has been shock at the blatant confirmation of the familiar charge that large-scale illegal gambling cannot be carried on without the toleration or connivance of public officials.

In a semi-final report issued two weeks ago Senator Kefauver's committee declared that two major syndicates control gambling throughout the country, that these syndicates have steadily invested their profits in "legitimate" enterprises, and that racketeers' money supports political campaigns. Evidence obtained since then in New York and elsewhere shows that respected public figures rub elbows with hoodlums, reformed and unreformed, and that beneath our visible society governed by elected officials there is an underworld ruled by the law of the jungle.

On the Jersey and New York waterfronts this law is administered by the ruthless Anastasia; murder is a commonplace, and respectable corporations, in order to "control" labor, pay tens of thousands of dollars to strike-breaking thugs. Frank Costello apparently needs to use no more than a whispered word to enforce his rule; his order banned the bookies from Roosevelt Raceway in Long Island when the responsible authorities were helpless.

Senator Kefauver's committee has performed a public service beyond challenge in revealing facts to which the people were entitled. Kefauver himself, a Tennessee Democrat, and Senator Tobey, a New Hampshire Republican, are generally considered outstanding men in the Senate. The committee has leaned over backward to avoid persecuting Republicans or whitewashing Democrats. It could easily have chosen to expose gambling and corruption in Philadelphia, famous for its malodorous Republican rule, instead of in New York, a better-governed city. And just as Ambassador O'Dwyer was forced by the pressures the committee built up to subject himself to its relentless interrogation, so Governor Dewey could have been forced to explain "voluntarily" why, under his racket-busting regime as under previous Democratic rule, gambling has flourished openly in Saratoga Springs.

Comparable in value to this non-partisan approach has been the highly successful demonstration of how a Congressional inquisitorial committee operates. No reporter, however colorful his touch, could have pictured the sessions with the vividness of television. The croaking voice of Costello, the badgered, defiant performance of O'Dwyer, the scholarly insistence of Jimmy Carroll, the St. Louis bookmaker, that "gambling is a biological necessity" and eventually will be legalized—these things reached the public with all their original impact. More intimately than ever before, the people saw and heard an agency of government in action.

It must be noted, however, that Senator Tobey's own state of New Hampshire has a racetrack at which there is legal betting, and that reports of illegal gambling in unlicensed bookie joints can hardly be doubted. Yet New Hampshire, with its relatively small and homogeneous population, presents a far less complex problem than the polyglot cities. In New Hampshire or anywhere else it is nauseating to pretend that betting on the nags is moral and socially permissible for people with money and time to go to the tracks but wicked and corrupting when engaged in by a housewife in an off-track "horse parlor."

In Illinois, among other states, gambling is forbidden by the state constitution, but parimutuel betting at the tracks is permitted by statute on the devious pretext that it is not really gambling—and, besides, state treasuries benefit from a percentage of the on-track betting profits. Why did the managers of Roosevelt Raceway hire Costello to drive away the bookies? Not because betting through the bookies was less moral than betting through parimutuel machines, but because the bookies' operations decreased the take of the machines and the share of the track's owners. There could be no more clear-cut example of economic determinism dictating an alliance between the racketeer and the licensed profiteer.

The gangsters grew rich during prohibition. Afterward they put their accumulated wealth and expert talents into gambling. Gambling is in truth a "biological necessity" for some people. There is a real gambling demand, nourished by the legalization of on-track betting and by the printing of betting news in respected newspapers, as well as by the operation of "horse parlors." Enterprisers of the underworld find it profitable to supply the demand.

The task before Senator Kefauver and his committee is to suggest national legislation which while fitting har-

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moniously into American habits will curb illegitimate and corrupting influences. The public interest aroused by his investigation may affect national political contests. Fines and prison sentences will almost certainly be meted out to both hoodlums and politicians on subsidiary contempt and perjury charges. It is less certain that the racketeers and murderers of the waterfronts and the buyers of political power can be successfully prosecuted for their crimes. It is not clear whether a statute can be devised to forbid the transmission of racing news over special wires to the "horse parlors" and thus check off-track illegal gambling while on-track betting remains legal. It is not clear whether the ultimate effect of the committee's work will be to "clean up" gambling or merely to produce a cynicism about our political life infinitely more dangerous than gamblers' campaign gifts to the politicos.

The Mediterranean Is "Discovered"

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

BEFORE embarking for the United States with President Auriol, Foreign Minister Robert Schuman disclosed that the United States, Great Britain, and France would confer on Mediterranean defense. It is known that France has been greatly disturbed by rumors of British-American plans for a Mediterranean treaty. The purely military reasons for strengthening what is regarded as the right flank of the forces of the Atlantic Pact have been frequently stated. These were, originally, to assure the protection of Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey; to enable troops to be moved freely through the seas and straits of that area; to assure the defense of the vast oil fields of the Middle East; to acquire new air bases which would reduce the distance between Western Europe and the Eastern bloc; and to gain the political advantage of an anti-Russian front comprising all the countries of Europe except those behind the iron curtain and such an impenitent partisan of neutrality as Switzerland.

The military experts are especially interested in the Mediterranean because of the increasingly precarious situation in the Middle East. It will be remembered that as long ago as May, 1950, before the Korean war started, the Foreign Ministers of the United States, Great Britain, and France conferred at length on this subject in London and finally issued a statement recognizing the need and the right of both the Arab states and Israel to be furnished arms with which to safeguard their internal and external security. Behind this statement was the decision of the Western powers to end the threat of social unrest in the Middle East. But the gulf between intention and reality has been pointed up by recent events in Iran. Even before the assassination of Prime Minister Razmara, conditions in Iran dispelled any illusion about its capacity to resist foreign attack; Iranian army officers were quoted as saying that the Soviet army could overrun the country in four or five days, even the British oil fields in the south—now nationalized.

Egypt, inflamed with nationalism, has demanded cancelation of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936, which permits Britain to garrison the Suez Canal zone and gives it the right in case of war to occupy the whole country. And last week it was announced in Cairo that a bill would be introduced in Parliament to nationalize the Suez Canal Company. Egypt's feeling against Britain was the main reason for its neutrality on the question of Korea at Lake Success, a position which it maintained the more stubbornly after Foreign Minister Salah el-Din failed to induce Washington to bring pressure on London. Great Britain not only rejected Egypt's demands but stiffened its attitude toward Cairo to the extent of holding up a shipment of war material already ordered. In consequence, anti-British sentiment in Egypt has been intensified, and it will be difficult to win Egypt's support for a policy of solidarity with the Atlantic coalition. European experts believe that the Middle East will play a more passive than active role in the struggle between the two blocs.

The country on which the Western powers can count most safely is Turkey. They have shown it many favors ever since signs of tension appeared between East and West, and it was in Turkey and Greece that the Truman Doctrine of containing Communist expansion was first applied. Turkey undoubtedly regards Russia as a dangerous neighbor. Also, a collection of pro-German politicians runs the Turkish government; the President, Djelal Bayar, when Minister of Commerce in the thirties, advocated close collaboration with Nazi Germany. On the day that Germany definitely enters the Atlantic coalition, it will begin to trade with Turkey again and to supply it with military technicians.

Of all the countries outside the Atlantic coalition, Turkey has demanded admission most insistently, and its diplomatic feelers, according to the Washington correspondents of American papers, have been received sympathetically in the Pentagon. Moreover, since the great change in American policy toward Spain, Turkish diplomacy has realized that it holds the key to the problem of how the United States is to obtain Spain's admission to the Atlantic Treaty Organization. This problem has become more difficult since the recent Barcelona strike, for now the other nations can argue not only that association with Franco is repugnant in principle but that the explosive situation in Spain makes his aid of doubtful value.

But the military planners in the United States who are

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in favor of utilizing Franco will not be easily convinced. They are determined to have the Spanish army fight at the side of the Western forces. Their answer to European objections is to form a Mediterranean pact, with Spain as one of its cornerstones. Turkish diplomacy, encouraged by the Pentagon, is dedicated to this purpose. It is prepared to assist in "discovering the Mediterranean" —which in Spain means revealing the obvious.

Even this proposal, of course, may run into difficulties; French objections may prove a serious obstacle. If so, Washington is prepared to make a bilateral arrangement with Franco, providing modern arms in return for the Spanish dictator's agreement to support the Atlantic alliance. Whether this plan could be put into effect without creating still greater political problems remains to be seen.

Social Credit and C. C. F.

BY MIRIAM CHAPIN

TWO of Canada's enormous prairie provinces are governed by maverick parties—Alberta by Social Credit, Saskatchewan by the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. Both parties came into being during the farm depression of the twenties, but they have traveled different roads. Social Credit has become a Conservative party with Moral Rearmament trimmings. The C. C. F. is a middle-class social-democratic party which has built important connections with the working class through the unions in the Canadian Congress of Labor. According to eastern Conservative papers, Social Credit is planning an "invasion" of Saskatchewan at the coming provincial election which will bring the two ideologies into direct conflict for the first time. The choice will be not only between a cloudy and reactionary political doctrine and socialism, but also between fundamentalist religion and religion directed toward social welfare—and this in a notably religious country where all organized churches are venerated.

Social Credit permeated Alberta when wheat was rotting on the ground, when people were cold and hungry and living in shacks in a land of oil and forests, grain and cattle. "Bible Bill" Aberhart, a schoolmaster who gave Sunday afternoon radio talks from his "Prophetic Bible Institute," put forward his belief that the ideas of England's Major Douglas would solve Alberta's problems. Douglas had spoken in Alberta years before to little effect, but under Aberhart's spell the province took to his Social Credit theories with revival-meeting fervor. Study groups sprouted, meetings were held, committees set to work, and in 1935 Aberhart swept into the premiership, and his supporters elected all but seven members of the legislature.

Billions of words have swirled around Social Credit, but probably most of its adherents grasp little of its content except the promise of the "dividend," $25 a month to everybody—a promise never as yet fulfilled. The body of its doctrine springs from Proudhon, as C. B. Macpherson has pointed out in the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*. Douglas sees "poverty in the midst of plenty" and finds it caused by the lack of purchasing power. He blames "finance," now called "Jewish-Bolshevik finance," for the gap between production and distribution. This gap can be filled, he says, without disturbing capitalism, the profit system, private ownership, or capital-labor relationships by a simple monetary reform. All that needs to be done is to borrow money on future production, "social credit," and with it either pay cash dividends so the people can buy what they have produced or subsidize producers so they can sell cheaply enough for consumers to buy. Either or both plans may be used. No class struggle, no need for labor unions or price controls—the printing-press will solve all problems.

Along with this social theory goes a political philosophy which, however unworkable the monetary scheme, still attracts adherents, gradually disclosing its likeness to fascism. Parliaments are a fake; to get rid of international Jewish finance, whose ally is communism, the people should vote only for general principles and a leader who will decide on methods. He will abolish the rules that maintain scarcity. The Union of Electors —all voters—will watch the government it sets up and press for action. The people all want the same things, food and homes and peace.

This was heady stuff in Alberta, though its full meaning was not clear. It took hold. After 1935 the people waited eagerly. The federal authorities did the new Premier a great favor by disallowing all his banking legislation in '37 and '38; he blamed the familiar bankers' conspiracy the more loudly. But times were now easier. Oil had been found, the ranches were prospering; with the outbreak of war the price of wheat went up and Alberta was happy. Edmonton became the big American base it still is, a boom town. The farmer and the small

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business man are notoriously unreliable material for any radical movement, since with a whiff of profit they freeze into conservatism. Neither Alberta nor Saskatchewan has a powerful organized labor group.

BY THE time Aberhart died in 1943, the newspapers and bankers who had excoriated him were solidly behind him, and the left-wingers in his following were turning to the C. C. F. or communism. Solon Low, then as now leader of the Social Credit delegation in Parliament, visited Wall Street to negotiate loans from men who bore a strong resemblance to bankers. The late Norman Jaques, another M. P., addressed America First meetings in St. Louis. It was bad form to talk about the dividend. The province's abounding prosperity was held due to the special favor of the Almighty. The Reverend E. G. Hansell, M. P., suggested recently in Calgary that Providence had willed that oil should not be discovered until Social Credit was on hand to take charge.

Actually Alberta could be a tax-free paradise if the oil were under public ownership or even if it were heavily taxed. Imperial Oil, a Standard subsidiary, owns about 70 per cent of the reserves, estimated at a billion barrels. Twenty-one-year leases on crown lands are auctioned off with small care for conservation, and the cash is used for current expenses. About twenty-five million barrels were produced in 1950.

It is expected that 40 per cent of the 1951 budget of $94,000,000 will be met by revenue from oil and natural gas. Thus Alberta will be spared a sales tax. Better roads —in rural areas roads are very bad—are promised, and higher pay to civil servants. But as in the past the burden of schools and hospitals is still left too much on the municipalities. The government pays no relief except to transients; it furnishes no free treatment for the insane. Social welfare in Alberta received some undesirable notice two years ago when a report by a well-known social worker on adoption practices in the province was printed in a weekly. Writers and editors were hauled out to Edmonton to stand trial, but the case was soon dropped. In Aberhart's day a good deal was spent on the schools; their sad physical condition was remedied, and teacher training was improved. Recently, however, a blight has fallen on research and training as a result of the imposition of fundamentalist orthodoxy and a censorship which excludes certain books dealing with collectivism and films which advocate racial equality.

Premier Ernest Manning, Aberhart's lieutenant and successor, is a skilful politician who has kept a firm hold on his organization and smoothly eliminated the Douglasites, the anti-Semitic wing. In 1948 he discontinued the Social Credit Board, a government-supported propaganda agency for Douglas ideas, purged his economic adviser, and put his own man in charge of the *Canadian Social Crediter*, the official magazine. The same year the Alberta party disowned the Quebec group, l'Union des Electeurs, because of its French Canadian nationalism, anti-Semitism, and anti-imperialism. The Alberta group has always been firmly British. It has some connection with British Israel, whose pamphlets are on sale at Social Credit conventions. Premier Manning's lectures are flavored with Moral Rearmament, stressing the need for Christian love between employer and employed.

In Quebec the Union spread rapidly after 1942, under the leadership of Louis Even and his magazine *Vers Demain*, which pounds on the obvious injustices in housing, wages, and relief administration and uses the Protocols of Zion as a filler. Some Catholic bishops spoke against Social Credit and refused the use of church halls for its meetings, but none the less the movement gathered in many Catholic nationalists left homeless by the collapse of the Bloc Populaire, a reformist third party. In 1946 these Quebec Social Crediters elected to the Dominion Parliament a brash young garage worker from a northern mining district who campaigned with the slogan "I'm your hired man." Social Credit, he declared, was the only doctrine really fighting communism, under which he included selective service, meat-grading, and price controls.

But, alas, in 1948 the Union des Electeurs failed to elect a single member to the Quebec legislature, though it polled a fifth of the votes, and the following year the Liberals recaptured the seat it had held in Parliament. Now the Union has withdrawn from the political field to concentrate on educational work. It has a number of men propagating its theories in the Catholic syndicates. In line with its French Canadian nationalism, it has done some campaigning for peace, and a few members have been arrested for putting up peace placards.

THE C. C. F. won the 1946 Saskatchewan election because of the farmers' disgust with the Liberal policy of selling wheat to England below the world price rather than because of any widespread conversion to socialism, but it has used its mandate well. In the next election the frosts of last August that ruined much of the grain and the $150,000,000 drop in farm income between 1949 and 1950 will be a greater threat to a C. C. F. victory than Social Credit. However, if the Dominion government (Liberal) refuses the final 25 cents a bushel demanded by the farmers of the Wheat Board, the Saskatchewan Liberals will have hard sledding.

Premier Douglas has tried to safeguard the province's oil reserves. Imperial refused to drill under the conditions he set, and other companies have gone ahead slowly. His administration has rejuvenated the civil service; even the casual visitor notes the contrast between the eager and interested young men who hand out information at the government offices in Regina and the paunchy bureaucrats of Edmonton. It has installed a successful

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health-insurance system. It has given adult education a tremendous impetus and made some improvement in the rural schools, though they are not yet good enough. For the first time Indians have had a chance. Saskatchewan now has a Bill of Rights making it a criminal offense to discriminate for race, religion, or color in offering employment. More than a thousand farm cooperatives are functioning, doing an annual business of more than $300,000,000, half of it in wheat. Crown corporations run power-distribution and telephone systems, buses, fur and fish sales.

Now Premier Douglas has thrown the question of Canadian foreign policy into the provincial arena. He says he is prepared to call an immediate election to demonstrate the popular support for C. C. F. attacks on the Liberals. The C. C. F., though with considerable dissidence among the rank and file, upheld U. N. action in Korea, but of late it has been demanding admission of the new China to the U. N. and settlement of the Korean war by negotiation. The Premier says his people would fight for freedom but "will not send their sons to be slaughtered in foreign fields to bolster up discredited regimes." He is a good speaker, and he means business.

Saskatchewan is the C. C. F. stronghold; both the national chairman and the national president hail from there. With Social Credit demanding conscription and voting with the Progressive-Conservatives whose foreign policy is the same as the Liberals', a Saskatchewan election this year would go far to show how western Canada feels on the issues of war and peace. It would be a three-way fight. If Social Credit could split the farmer vote, the Liberals might win, but as of now the C. C. F. is confident of victory.

Perón vs. a Free Press

BY JAMES H. SCHEUER

Buenos Aires, March 22

A WAR between the forces of dictatorship and the independent free press has entered its final phase in Argentina. After three years of "cold war" and attrition had failed to intimidate it, the critical voice of *La Prensa,* for eighty-one years one of the great newspapers of the world, has finally been silenced by President Perón, using thugs, police, judges, and Congress.

All branches of the Argentine dictator's administration have joined in preparing the necessary popular and legal affirmation of the paper's suppression. The judicial arm has charged scholarly Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz with personally carrying on "activities against the state." The executive arm controls the General Confederation of Labor (C. G. T.), which has called for expropriation of the paper by the government and its conversion into a workers' cooperative or appointment of a Peronista "interventor" to take over the complete management and editorial control of the paper. The three hundred subsidiaries of the C. G. T. greeted this demand with a chorus of approval: the bank employees' union promised that no check of *La Prensa* would ever be cashed, the tramway union that not a single copy of the paper would ever be distributed locally, the aviation workers' union that they would stop any copy of *La Prensa* from leaving Argentina. The legislative arm of Perón's political machine on March 20 gave the paper the *coup de grâce* by having a Congressional committee take it over. It barred Dr. Paz and his chief assistant from the paper's offices and plant and issued an order for the arrest of Dr. Paz on the ground that his objections to these actions constituted contempt of Congress.

Several weeks ago the visit of United States Assistant Secretary of State Edward G. Miller, Jr., kindled hopes that Perón might allow *La Prensa's* reappearance before the Inter-American Conference of Foreign Ministers convenes in Washington next week. It was thought that Perón might want to repair Argentina's prestige generally and to improve United States-Argentine relations. Miller had done a brilliant job of building Latin American confidence in the United States' objectives and fair dealing. He is completely at home in Spanish and has a profound understanding of Latin American customs and temperament. Even in the trying diplomatic climate of Argentina he maintained good personal relations with the powers that be. He has the knack of being able to "lay it on the line" with a friendly smile and without giving offense.

Embassy circles thought until recently that Señora Perón and the top Cabinet ministers were seriously concerned over the reaction to *La Prensa's* suppression shown by press and public in the United States and by the governments of all the Latin American states. Although no promises of any kind were asked for or given, they seemed honestly desirous of removing the causes

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of conflict between Argentina and its sister states. Assistant Secretary Miller in informal, off-the-record conversations did not minimize the fact that *La Prensa* stood high on the list of sore points. Perón, however, refused to talk to Miller privately at any time during his visit. In the light of later developments, this must be considered a sign that the dictator had already decided to proceed with the suppression of *La Prensa*. He may have wanted his wife and chief Cabinet aides to discover how strongly the United States State Department felt on the subject, but he did not want to be hauled on the carpet by Miller in a private interview and be forced either to make promises which he did not intend to keep or to appear utterly insensitive to world opinion.

As a matter of fact, the Argentine dictator is known to be most sensitive to foreign criticism of either his private affairs or his political acts. Observers here have therefore speculated on what prompted him to use such unprecedented and violent methods to muzzle the renowned Buenos Aires daily. The answer may be the obvious one that his irritation with *La Prensa* had reached the boiling-point, and that his resentment of its continual criticism was greater than his sensitivity to unfavorable foreign views of its suppression. At any rate, he has brought to a climax a five-year campaign of official retaliatory measures, which included cutting the paper down from forty pages to sixteen and then to twelve and curtailing its circulation an arbitrary 20 per cent.

As a result of this guerrilla warfare *La Prensa's* circulation jumped in five years from 360,000 to 480,000, the greatest rate of growth in its history. And after the 20 per cent circulation cut was put in force in December, 1950, the newsstands were habitually sold out and block-long queues lined up in front of the paper's main office to get copies. It was clear at the turn of the year that *La Prensa* was growing in prestige and popularity and that attempts to intimidate it or weaken its voice were completely ineffectual. Perón decided that the time had come for decisive action.

TO SPEARHEAD the attack, he chose the *canillitas*, the Argentine newsboys who are employees of no single newspaper but work as independent buyers and sellers of all papers under conditions closely supervised by the government. Like other Buenos Aires papers, *La Prensa* was required to supply papers to newsboys at half the sale price and to make a small monthly contribution to the newsboys' union. In a communication dated January 23, 1951, the newsboys' union presented *La Prensa* with a demand for 20 per cent of all revenue from classified advertising and for cancelation of all subscription lists, making union newsboys the paper's sole means of distribution. It was quite clear that this was a political, not an economic, crisis; if the demands made were granted they would be followed by others, leading ultimately to the extinction of *La Prensa*.

In their capacity of simple buyers or independent distributors the newsboys could properly have boycotted the paper in the event of an economic dispute. There could be no question of a strike as they were in no sense employees. But on January 26, the day their note of January 23 was delivered, the newsboys' union, without any notice to its membership, called a "strike" with the backing of the General Confederation of Labor.

At eight o'clock that evening a delegate of the union went to the *Prensa* printing plant and urged the linotypists who were just beginning to set next morning's paper to walk out. The *Prensa* men indignantly escorted the delegate from the plant. Perón's henchmen who were directing the campaign, anticipating a similar reaction from the rest of the legitimate employees of the paper, quickly changed their tactics. By midnight the type was set and ready for the presses, but when the printers arrived for work, they found a score of armed hoodlums barring entrance to the plant.

A curious pattern developed. A federal conciliator stepped into the picture after several weeks, ostensibly to try to settle the differences between the newsboys' union and the management, but his stalling tactics soon became obvious. A committee formed by the newspaper's employees then wrote, wired, and finally met with Ministry of the Interior officials to explain that none of the actual employees of the paper were striking and to request police protection in their efforts to enter the printing plant. The police passed the buck to the Labor Department, which promptly shrugged off responsibility. Finally, on February 27, thirty-two days after the Peronista goons had been stationed at the printing plant, the employees announced that on the following day they were going back to work. Again telegrams were sent to Perón and the Ministers of Interior and Labor asking for police protection.

At two p. m. on February 27 nearly a thousand members of the editorial and press staffs started to walk the dozen blocks from the midtown office to the printing plant. Arriving in driblets, they found a squad of a dozen or so hoodlums still keeping guard at the plant. The first dozen workers entered the plant amid gun-flourishing, pushing, and epithet-hurling by the "pickets." A few eyes were blackened, but there was no real violence, and no shots were fired. Only after perhaps fifty staff members had shoved their way in did the goons realize that there was no way of stopping these unarmed but determined men short of violence. So when the next small group approached, it was met with a random burst of gunfire. When the smoke cleared, one *Prensa* worker lay dying in the street, shot over the heart, and a dozen others were wounded. Their furious companions pursued the killer to a nearby garage; there

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a policeman appeared out of the blue in a matter of seconds and held the crowd at bay until a police car arrived and took the man away.

Although police headquarters for the area were only a block and a half from the newsplant, and although widespread publicity had been given to the return-to-work movement, not a single uniformed policeman was to be seen around the building for nearly half an hour after the shooting. Of course, the crowd was seeded with plain-clothes men. Several days later Basilio Serrano, legal counsel to the Ministry of Interior, in charge of all police forces, blandly told me that he had been on the spot observing the affair and making a report for the government.

After the shooting, the goons disappeared and the workers converged upon the plant in earnest. In another hour more than five hundred linotypists and printers were on the job, and by ten o'clock that evening the presses were nearly ready to start rolling. Just then, however, by direction of a local Peronist judge and the Chief of Police—it still is not clear who originated the order—police descended upon the plant and carted the five hundred workers off to jail on the suspicion of having murdered their fellow-employee—the fatal shot, it was claimed, might have come from their ranks. The plant was closed and padlocked by the police.

LA PRENSA is the antithesis of the American concept of a fanatical opposition paper, and no editor-publisher could be more different from the typical crusader-journalist pictured by Hollywood than the dignified, aristocratic Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz. By American standards *La Prensa* is a dull though sophisticated newspaper. Like the London *Times,* its front page and, in fact, the half-dozen succeeding pages are devoted to classified advertising. Far back in the paper is found the restrained, scrupulously objective, and thorough reporting of domestic and foreign events that has gained the paper the bitter enmity of Perón. *La Prensa* and *La Nación,* the latter still being sold on the streets, are the only two newspapers in Argentina not entirely dominated or controlled by Peronista interests. *La Prensa* alone did a complete foreign and domestic reporting job. It was the only paper in Argentina which reported accurately and fully the proceedings of the Perón-dominated national Congress. When the official *Congressional Record* was censored, *La Prensa* printed verbatim reports taken down in shorthand by its own men.

In no other paper was local news so complete and factual. When the railroad workers struck for the third time in January, 1951, and formed an independent "junta" in rebellion against their Peronista union leadership, Eva Perón stepped into the dispute and tried to use her influence to mediate the differences. Her appearances at union meetings, however, were greeted with boos and catcalls, and signs sprang up overnight reading "We Want Perón—as a Widower." *La Prensa's* faithful reporting of this strike—which seemed to mark the first crack in the dictator's solid labor support—was one of the things which finally drove Perón to violent action.

Another irritant was the fact that *La Prensa* was virtually the only unblocked conduit between Argentina and the outside world. Only in its pages could be found adequate coverage of foreign commentary on Argentine affairs, including excerpts from editorials in the North American, European, and Latin American press.

Señora Perón

Local observers have noted with interest that *La Nación,* with not nearly the financial resources or international reputation of *La Prensa,* has seen the handwriting on the wall and fears its own quick demise if the government succeeds in permanently silencing *La Prensa.* They have been moved by *La Nación's* courage in reporting the facts of its big brother's passing and the foreign commentary evoked. Its editor, the elderly Dr. Bartolome Mitre, told Mr. Miller that if his paper went down, it would be with all flags flying.

While there was a shadow of hope that *La Prensa* would be permitted to resume independent publication sometime, Dr. Gainza Paz kept the entire staff on the pay roll at a cost of $125,000 a month and maintained the paper in a constant state of preparedness to hit the streets on forty-eight hours' notice. He told me that the seventy-five-year-old tradition of *La Prensa* and his own convictions regarding the justice and decency of the Argentine people compelled him to believe that the return of a democratic free press was inevitable. One remembers his wistful remark last year when he received the Americas' Award for promoting closer inter-American relations: "There is something healthy and sound in a democratic system when the opposition has an equal chance to be listened to."

The fate of *La Prensa* will ultimately be decided by the tug of two conflicting forces—Perón's desire to be free of the paper's day-in, day-out criticism and his ambition to attain a place for Argentina in the family of nations. There has been no concrete expression of

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public dissent—no student demonstration, the traditional Latin symptom of political unrest, no wall painted with the slogan "Viva *La Prensa,*" no banner raised, no picket line formed. Among the middle and well-to-do classes and intellectual groups many individuals are bitterly denunciatory of Perón and Peronism, but their opposition is totally unorganized.

Theoretically the coming Conference of Foreign Ministers of the American Republics could invoke economic sanctions against Argentina under the provisions of the Treaty of Chapultepec. But such action is not likely. Several governments sending representatives to the conference, including our own, have admitted that *La Prensa's* closing would not be on the agenda.

Discussion of any official, unilateral action by the United States on behalf of *La Prensa* was scrupulously avoided by Mr. Miller—who was disturbed only because public opinion in this country was making it impossible for our government to continue with "positive measures of cooperation with Argentina"—and will continue to be avoided like the plague by our officials. Any direct pressure would be viewed in Latin America as a return to the old policy of "Bradenism" and would be instantly exploited by the Peronista press, which is currently dripping venom on everything *Norte Americano.*

But the United States can easily apply several indirect pressures. Although we depend to a significant degree upon Argentinian foodstuffs, wool, beryl, and tungsten for our defense effort, Argentina, as was not the case a decade ago, is a great deal more dependent upon us. During the last war Argentina had Nazi and fascist friends with whom it could trade its raw materials for finished industrial products; it was a simple matter for it to play the Axis against the Allies and enjoy an advantageous trading position with both. Now Perón must look to the Western Allies to buy his products. And even more important, Argentina, while "dollar rich" from sales of its wool, meat, and wheat, is almost totally dependent on United States sources for tinplate in which to pack its beef and mutton, sulphur for its pharmaceutical industry and sanitation, and the vast array of farming, transportation, communications, and industrial equipment necessary to its economy.

The United States is thus in a position to exert a squeeze, official or unofficial, at various points. Whether or not anything like this will be done depends upon whether the State Department feels that such an approach would help *La Prensa* without creating resentment against Yankee highhandedness all over Latin America.

Perón today reigns in the worst traditions of *personalismo*—absolute rule based upon demogoguery and personal popularity with the masses—which has been the curse of Latin American politics for centuries. He alone will resolve the seemingly irreconcilable conflict between his desire to have the good-will and respect of his American neighbors, particularly of the United States, and his evident determination to carry Argentina farther down the road of totalitarianism by destroying the last vestiges of a free press.

The Year of the Three-Eyed Sloth

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles

I WAS bewailing the current dearth of good political stories—seldom has the volatile West Coast offered so little in the way of real political news—when my friend interrupted to suggest that we ought to follow the Japanese custom of recording time by the signs of the Chinese zodiac. For example, 1950, a time of danger and crisis, might be called the Year of the Wild Boar, and 1951, to mark the continuation of the crisis and the onset of a feeling of intense political frustration, the Year of the Three-Eyed Sloth.

Mention of a three-eyed monster immediately suggested the one new development in West Coast politics—the growing realization that the lack of political leadership is creating a major crisis. The lack itself, of course, is hardly news. The news is that the number of people who admit it is increasing rapidly. With little hope that a new political leader will appear on the horizon, these people now concede that only courageous group action can bring about the changes which the times demand. In other words, they have finally acknowledged that leadership is essentially a function of social groups.

This realization was hastened by the failure of the provocative statements of Herbert Hoover, Senator Taft, Joseph Kennedy, and, of all people, E. T. Weir, to touch off a real debate on foreign policy. Seeing this last hope vanish into thin air, various groups sent delegations to Washington to interview State Department officials and to talk with Senators and Representatives. On their return these delegates insisted that some means must be found to organize sentiment for "a third way."

West Coast liberals, of course, have long perceived that the two major parties were in substantial agreement

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on foreign policy, but they have continued to look for another Roosevelt to make things easy for them. They have been excited every time Justice Douglas has made a speech or published an article, but the excitement has soon subsided; Justice Douglas has a remarkable faculty for never quite bringing himself to say what his most ardent admirers want him to say—take his contribution to *Look*. James P. Warburg's pamphlets and articles have been greeted with similar eagerness, but nothing seems to happen after their appearance. During the last eight months I have been hurriedly summoned to many meetings of liberals called to discuss the successive crises, but after long-distance calls to Robert M. Hutchins and other favored messiahs, the conferences have ended on a note of complete frustration. In most cases, as a matter of fact, the long-distance communing has revealed that the "leader" was not only reluctant to lead but as baffled about what to do as the rank and file at the other end of the line.

The appalling lack of activity in purely local politics is one sign of the dearth of leadership. Consider, for example, the coming municipal elections in Los Angeles. Most of the incumbent city councilmen are extremely vulnerable because of their part in the débâcle of rent decontrol, but no organized opposition exists and they will probably be reelected without a struggle. The members of the Board of Education are vulnerable on a dozen counts, but few upsets are expected. This disinterest in local politics is primarily due to the absence of a real opposition in national politics. It seems rather silly to organize campaigns against city councilmen and school-board members when one has no opportunity to record one's opinion, in any significant way, on issues of life-and-death importance. On every issue there is an "official" view, and to challenge this official view—even on the subject of garbage collection—is to risk being denounced as a red.

AS MORE and more people feel silenced—that is, unrepresented—the situation becomes graver. Indeed, the need for leadership is now critical precisely because a large body of opinion has been denied a chance to express its dissent from the "official" policy or to have this dissent reported in the press or discussed on the radio. The apparent unanimity with which the "official" policy is supported derives from two factors—the denial of representation through the pending collapse of the two-party system, and the application of pressures which have not only silenced dissent but foreclosed any consideration of possible alternatives.

Evidence that a large body of opinion is now denied representation in Congress can be found in the newspapers. For example, the Denver *Post* of January 23 reported that Senators from New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana were receiving an "extremely heavy" flood of letters. The office of Senator Murray of Montana announces that the letter writers are lined up one hundred to one against the draft of eighteen-year-olds. The ratio of these who say this country should withdraw its troops from Korea to those who want to keep them there, this same office declares, is about fifty to one. The office of Senator Johnson of Colorado reports a clear preponderance of letters "opposed to the whole Korean idea," and so it goes. The size of this unrepresented block calls aloud for a leader.

That the denial of representation is due in part to the lack of a real opposition is confirmed by Walter Lippmann's observation that Secretary of State Acheson's political enemies set the pace for him. The same idea was expressed by Jean-Paul Sartre in *The Nation* of December 30. From the distance of Paris, Sartre was able to see quite clearly that the Administration had been "driven into applying a sort of exaggerated Republican policy." We do not have a bi-partisan policy today; we have an official policy. To be sure, unorganized political sentiment is not without some effect, but an organized opposition is what is needed. In its absence, debate is replaced by a competition in demagoguery.

The international crisis may have precipitated but it did not cause the present crisis in political leadership. This crisis stems from the concentration of economic power in a few hands in the United States. It is unfortunate that the interim report of the Buchanan Lobbying Committee, issued on October 20, as well as the excellent September report of the American Political Science Association, "Toward a More Responsible Two-Party System," had to compete with the Korean headlines. For these two documents demonstrate with great clarity the extent to which representative government and the two-party system are endangered.

If the present vacuum in political leadership is not filled, the trend toward a one-party government may soon bring the United States within the McCarran act's definition of a totalitarian state. That more and more liberals recognize this danger is a good omen. An even better omen is the fact that liberal groups are beginning to understand that only through their own efforts can new political forces be set in motion.

Among West Coast liberals the question is not what to do, but how to do it; there is more general agreement than there has been at any time in the last three years that a genuine opposition must be organized. Writing "letters to the editor," interviewing Congressmen who confess that they are prisoners of the current demagoguery, and signing petitions destined to end up in the files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities have come to be regarded as rather inadequate substitutes for direct political expression of opinion. Although it may not be audible in Washington, the volume of protest is increasing and the demand for new leadership growing.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Essays and Asides

INTERLINGUA IS A FACT

BY ALBERT GUERARD

THE international-language problem was not invented by crackpots. It is a plain fact, and has to be solved, in a more or less haphazard fashion, at every international gathering. The United Nations admits five official languages. But the list cannot be closed. It is obvious that German, Italian, Portuguese, Japanese, Hindu-Urdu, Arabic, Malay, cannot indefinitely be treated as negligible dialects. The system of simultaneous translations, with selective audiphones, is a clever, costly, and clumsy makeshift. Language, I hasten to say, is not the worst obstacle to world unity: ideological fanaticism, "My way of life, right or wrong!" is responsible for abysmal waste and murder on the epic scale. But both as an instrument and as a symbol of world understanding the linguistic problem cannot be overlooked.

Centuries ago philosophers like Descartes and Leibnitz explored the possibility of a more accurate instrument of thought, at a time when there were actual international languages, Latin and French. With the increase of linguistic nationalism the problem has grown more acute. Monsignor Schleyer's Volapük was the first scheme to be practically used: there were international congresses and periodicals in Volapük. For three generations Esperanto has provided a triumphant refutation to many a priori objections. It has proved that people from all parts of the world could learn the language by themselves, come together, and understand one another. It has proved that a "manufactured" language was adequate, not merely for simple business, but for the accurate presentation of scientific and philosophical subjects. It has proved that unity could be maintained in space and time: the Esperanto of today is the same in all countries, and the same as half a century ago.

Esperanto is a demonstration. It is an acceptable solution. It is not the only one. Interlinguistics is a science, and no science springs full armed from the brains of a single genius, whether his name be Marx or Zamenhof. Already the Italian mathematician and logician Peano, in the *Discussiones* of his *Academia pro Interlingua,* had provided a forum for investigation and experimentation. The International Auxiliary Language Association (IALA) finally made the foundations of interlinguistics secure. (It owed its inception to Dr. Frederick Cottrell, and its growth to the devotion and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hennen Morris.) Only the ignorant, and those who deliberately choose to ignore, can smile at interlinguistics as a hobby for half-educated dreamers. Thorough scholars—Jespersen, Meillet, Sapir, Vendryès—have whole-heartedly indorsed the idea. The result is before us, a dictionary of 27,000 words, in the form found most practicable for international use.*

Nearly all modern auxiliary languages start from this common hoard, already ably explored by Peano. But Schleyer altered the international terms beyond recognition—would you guess that "Volapük" comes from "world speech"? Zamenhof was not free from ruthlessness. Peano clung to the pure Latin form. Rosenberg, Molenaar, de Wahl, Jespersen, Heimer, more cautious, were still guided by their individual taste. Here, after the labor of a competent staff over many years, we have at least the basis for a reasonable choice. The solution is not automatic: I still prefer Peano's methods and results. But the range of dissent has been so reduced as to become immaterial. Interlingua is already a fact; all the various schemes are but its variants. As soon as the need is recognized by a competent authority—perhaps UNESCO—standardization and permanency will immediately follow.

This Interlingua is frankly a Western language. Furthermore, it is a Latin language. It ignores the billion men who live in Asia. This, at the present stage, is inevitable. We are dealing with an *international* situation. Even if all Chinamen spoke the Mandarin dialect and adopted a phonetic alphabet, Chinese today would count for little in the international field. What I mean is that the number of people, not Chinese, who speak Chinese as a second language is narrowly limited—far smaller than the number of those who speak, again *as a second language,* either English or French.

A *lingua franca* that would attempt some arrangement of proportional representation between Chinese, Hindi, Urdu, Russian, German, English, and so on would be totally unintelligible to all. On the contrary, Interlingua is at present accessible, almost at first sight, to anyone, Asiatic or European, who knows as a first or second language Latin, or English, or any one of the Romance languages. These people—Nehru, Lin Yutang, Ho Chi Minh, Madame Chiang among them—form but a small proportion of mankind, but they are a majority among those who are active in the international sphere: priests, diplomats, scientists, doctors, engineers.

There always is an objection in reserve: why not English?—or, to follow Mencken, why not American? In this problem the intrinsic merits and faults of the language are almost irrelevant. On the credit side: a matchless vocabulary, so hybrid that it can absorb words of any origin; utmost brevity of form: compare *tug* with *remolcador*; extreme simplicity of syntax. Debit: a perverse spelling; a capricious accentuation; unaccented syllables a blur; vocalic sounds like nothing else on earth; and worst of all, for our special purpose, a riotous wealth of idiomatic phrases, terse and picturesque, but bewildering to the lesser breeds. And the slightest deviation from the norm is enough to make a whole sentence unintelligible. Halting

* "Interlingua-English." A Dictionary of the International Language Prepared by the Research Staff of the International Auxiliary Language Association under the Direction of Alexander Gode. Storm Publishers. $5.

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French, spoken slowly, remains lucid; faulty English is hopeless.

But the decisive argument against English has been stated with incomparable authority by I. A. Richards: "It [a common language] must be clear from any threat to the economic, moral, cultural, social, or political status or independence of any person or any people. It must carry no implication of intellectual, technological, or other domination. No one, in learning the world language, must have any excuse for feeling that he is submitting to an alien influence, or being brought under the power of some other group." Luminous realism. The world is rebelling against imperialism, supremacy, hegemony. Many might prefer our leadership today to that of the only other contender; but it would be only as a lesser evil. A free world spurns the idea of satellites. We must renounce linguistic imperialism as well as dollar imperialism. If civilization is to be saved, we must make this not "the American century" but the century of humanity.

A Lonely Life

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW. An Autobiography by Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels. Doubleday and Company. $3.

IT IS possible that "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" would have achieved stature if the stark story of Ethel Waters's conception, delivery, neglect, and career had been told by someone other than a well-known singer and actress a little too anxious to write an apology for a lonely, tormented life. In one big, long mouthful of prose Miss Waters here sets out to reconcile love and hate, God and violence, charity and neglect, vanity and modesty. Others have set themselves the same task and crumbled in the attempt. One, an English poet, strove to justify the ways of God to men, and ended up with a fascinating Satan.

This is not to say that Miss Waters and Mr. Samuels are up to John Milton, although there are moments of such epic inconsistency that I am inclined to say they almost make it. Some episodes are related with honesty; others are framed in unbecomingly fancy and theatrical lace curtains.

In one of his short stories William Faulkner remarked that man's experience could be contained in the sentence "He was born, he suffered, and he died." With Ethel Waters experience begins at conception; at twelve years her mother was raped at knife point in a suburb of Philadelphia. She was born of this union. Through childhood she moved from back alley to back alley. Her mother rejected her, and various alcoholic aunts were present as she grew.

It was hardly an upbringing, and this part of the story is well told. It is also told with consciousness of the criticism of a social structure that such a bloody documentary implies. "In her whole life Mom never earned more than five or six dollars a week. Being without a husband, it was hard for her to find any place at all for us to live, a place she could afford. And even then she never got a chance to live with my aunts and me, could only visit us on her day off."

When she was six, her family moved into a home on Clifton Street, Philadelphia, "in the old Bloody Eighth Ward." While going on from six to seven, Ethel Waters learned about bichloride of mercury, larkspur, blue ointment, cocaine, morphine, and heroin. She knew all about sex, too, but had decided by then she didn't like it; she hated men but grew to love the prostitutes who paraded up and down Clifton Street in "cork-heeled shoes, a black velvet neckband, and big whores' hoop earrings."

The chronicle continues in this way through a lurid assortment of exposures to vice and degeneration; it is at times blithe and easy-going, at others somber and parochial. Then Miss Waters drifts into cabaret singing and vaudeville. Billed as "Sweet Mama Stringbean," she toured the fly-specked, roach-ridden circuit of Negro entertainment houses, and encountered more than any human being's allotment of misery and travail along the way. She tells about a hospital at Anniston, Alabama: "Putting a rubber hose on my right leg, he let boiling water run into the wound, over the raw flesh, cut muscles, and tendons. . . . When I screamed he told me: 'You needn't holler, gal. This is what all you niggers should get when you wreck white people's cars.'"

Ethel Waters did, somehow, become a singer and a distinguished actress, and it is interesting to see her own story change her point of view as she recounts it. "The college boys who were learning to be doctors and lawyers gave me a pain," she says at an early point in her vaudeville career. "But then, all my life I've been prejudiced against wealthy people. No one has ever been able to convince me that Park Avenue folks are as good as my Tenth Avenue friends." Quite a few years later, in New York, she tells us about someone who was "a nice girl, too, refined and very well educated." Later still, perhaps with more understanding, she writes sympathetically of her friend Carl Van Vechten: "He was rich, but that hadn't got him down." Still later, we get, "I have always lived simply. But I do like my comfort, and I have fur coats, jewelry, and big, beautiful cars. But the main reason I have for buying such extravagant objects is

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because a Broadway star cannot dress like a waif or ride in the subway."

There are many other parts of the book that have this more or less familiar theatrical ring, and these are the ones that unfortunately detract from the validity of Miss Waters's bits of straight narration. In handling her contemporaries Miss Waters also goes in for the same sort of "backbiting" she complains about in others. The formula is a trite one in show business and usually goes this way: "Florence Mills was vivacious, a cutie, and a whirlwind when it came to selling a song and dance. But she had a small voice. They had been using a choir around her to get volume."

Many of Miss Waters's theatrical friends are stamped with this same matrix of diminishing appreciation. She is most unfair of all to three persons whose ability almost no one else would care to challenge; the blues singers Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith, and a former music instructor, Fletcher Henderson. "The funny part is that lately Fletcher Henderson, from playing the music I make him imitate, is once again becoming identified and well known for this sort of music instead of his own." This is a statement that overlooks the fact that Fletcher Henderson is an outstandingly capable arranger of music; that his orchestra was one of the great jazz bands of the 1920's; that his arrangements for Benny Goodman were potent contributions to that orchestra's interesting brand of music.

Perhaps the cue to Ethel Waters's difficulties with others is something she has, after all, been frank enough to tell us about in her book. "Being a child of the underworld," she says, "the Jekyll-and-Hyde character of my boy friend fascinated me more than it shocked me." And elsewhere: "My devotion to the spiritual side of life did not dent or alter my basically Jekyll-and-Hyde character." This could almost pass as the understatement of this season when we read, on page 192, of Miss Waters's way with a rival in love: "Then I started for her. I gave her one of my short, hard lefts to the chops, then dragged her into the ladies' room. I locked the door, then just beat the living hell out of her."

It's pretty rude prose for a book using the title of a sentimental revival hymn, and a pretty lonely way for even a waif like Miss Waters to live.

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Power Is Not Old-fashioned

THE PURSUIT OF PLENTY: THE STORY OF MAN'S EXPANDING DOMAIN. By A. G. Mezerik. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IN THIS readable and often eloquent essay A. G. Mezerik exposes the basic fallacies of certain neo-Malthusians whose frightening dissertations have contributed so substantially to popular anxiety about the future. Preoccupied with the pressure of population on resources, the neo-Malthusians, he says, are usually opposed to the very measures which might increase resources and by improving living standards ultimately reduce birth rates. Having taken care of the neo-Malthusians, Mr. Mezerik proceeds to draw up an attractive and convincing prospectus for a society founded on the economics of abundance. In his zeal for the future, however, he minimizes the political problem by the use of a clever but mildly misleading semantic device.

The issue, he says, is between the men with "old-fashioned" ideas and the men with "modern ideas"; between "the apostles of yesterday" and the "men of the future." It is, of course, important to understand the behavior of these "apostles of yesterday," to see behind the words they use. But recognition of their motivations does not dispose of the problem of power. Mr. Mezerik would rate James Byers Black, the highly efficient president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, an "old-fashioned mind" because of his stubborn opposition to certain features of the Central Valley project; but it would never occur to me to call him "old-fashioned," although I could easily think of many more colorful epithets. While Mr. Mezerik's comments on the politics of power are acute, he tends to blink the fact that the Blacks of our society have more compelling reasons for holding fast to privilege than their "old-fashioned" ideas. Nevertheless, this book is an important primer of the future which should be read by persons concerned with bringing the politics of an age of power abreast of modern science and technology.

Merely as a footnote: the Central Valley is the San Joaquin Valley and is not in Southern California; the northern boundary of Southern California is the Tehachapi Range. This may seem a small matter to Mr. Mezerik, but men smile when they hear such slips in Southern California.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Books in Brief

WE OF NAGASAKI. By Takashi Nagai. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75. These are the first-person recollections of events during and immediately after the atomic bombing of Nagasaki. The accounts of eight survivors, friends and relatives of Dr. Nagai, who collected them, are, taken by themselves, extraordinarily simple, faithful, and moving. Dr. Nagai believes they point a warning against the frivolous use of the atomic bomb because of the spiritual wreckage it leaves behind. "In personal bonds . . . invisible cracks have appeared. . . . Those who survived . . .

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were the people who ignored their friends crying *in extremis*." But is the atomic bomb the specific cause of this? Had Dr. Nagai lived in Tokyo, would he not have warned against incendiary bombs, which there killed more people than were killed in Nagasaki? Are the guilt feelings of these survivors, all Christians in one of Japan's few Christian communities, representative? Why do none of them recollect feeling animosity against the destroyers? Is that because the narratives, vivid and perceptive though they are, were collected four years after the event?

WARRIOR WITHOUT WEAPONS. By Dr. Marcel Junod. Macmillan. $4. A Swiss surgeon describes his experiences during ten years of work for the International Red Cross in Abyssinia, Spain, and during the Second World War. An honest, run-of-the-mill account that is in equal measure inspiring for what the author did and depressing for what he saw.

THE PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES OF JOHN DRYDEN. A Critical Edition. By William Bradford Gardner. Columbia. $4.50. Like Shaw's prefaces, Dryden's prologues and epilogues are sometimes better than the plays. In his own time they were so much admired that he was often employed to provide them for works other than his own, and it was in part by writing them that he perfected the couplet which he passed on to Pope. There are 102 in all; some are routine, but some are among the most accomplished things he ever wrote; and this is the first time that they have ever been edited as a separate volume. The spelling has been modernized, but texts have been collated and fairly elaborate notes are printed at the end, where they are accessible without being intrusive. Largish type makes for easy reading—couplets should never, never be crowded—and this is probably the best form in which either to reread or to make acquaintance with a curious department of literature worth knowing. The taste of the time being what it was, the wit is sometimes rather monotonously naughty, but it is real and accomplished nevertheless. Number 16, "Prologue to 'An Evening's Love,'" is as elaborate a texture of cumulative *double entendre* as could well be found. A printable specimen from another epilogue has this comment addressed to the gallants who marry their mistresses: "For him that weds a puss, who kept her first / I say but little, but I doubt the worst: / The wife that was a cat may mind her house, / And prove an honest, and a careful spouse; / But faith I would not trust her with a mouse."

Drama Note

"THE GREEN PASTURES" (Broadway Theater) are still bright and beautiful, but their verdure, I feel, has lost some of the freshness that delighted playgoers twenty years ago. One reason, perhaps, is the change in both Negro and white attitudes since 1930. Marc Connelly miraculously avoided patronage; yet his dramatic fable was based on a friendly stereotype of the Negro race which emphasized the contrast between its sweet naivete and gay innocence and the drab sophistication of urban whites.

In the last two decades the Negro people have grown in stature and are now steadily forcing their fellow-citizens to accept them as adults, some good, some bad, rather than as charming children. Thus we view this picture of a Sunday-school heaven with its fish fries and ten-cent cigars, this folk version of the tribulations of the people of Israel, through clearer lenses, and in the sharper vision some of the enchantment is lost.

All the same there are enough delights in this sumptuous revival to make it worthy of any theater-lover's attention. The singing by the Hall-Johnson choir is splendid; the sets by Robert Edmond Jones have a beautiful simplicity; the direction by the author is usually impeccable, although he has allowed the last two or three scenes to drag.

Outstanding among the actors is William Marshall, a worthy successor to the late Richard B. Harrison in the role of the Lawd. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man who wears his long black preacher's coat with impressive dignity; his voice has both range and richness. Mostly he is a humble, tender, rather puzzled God, but in the Babylonian night club he delivers his denunciation of the children of Israel with terrifying effect. Nearly all the other members of the immense cast are first-rate, but special mention must be made of Ossie Davis as Gabriel and Avon Long in a number of parts, including notably that of the King of Babylon.

One accidentally topical line brought down the house. It was when the Lawd asked Noah what had gone wrong on earth and received the reply: "It seems the whole district is wide open."

K. H.

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Films

MANNY FARBER

"FOURTEEN HOURS," based on Joel Sayre's story of a hesitant young suicide (Basehart) whom a persuasive cop (Douglas) tries to talk in from a Fifth Avenue ledge, teeters between life and death before falling flat on its celluloid face. The least of the film's faults are flaws of authenticity, many having to do with New York cops, who call each other "flatfoot," wear the same shiny uniform whether on emergency or traffic patrol, and locate stray citizens all over Long Island with weird technological methods. The "poor loony's" last act (reconstruction of John Warde's leap from the Gotham Hotel in 1938) is padded with so much contrived wit, mush, camera gymnastics, and self-conscious "natural" acting that it seems to be a hapless toying with facts by semi-documentarists building a case against suicide.

To start with, the film was not directed by an artistic genius but by Henry Hathaway, usually a sound journeyman on not quite factual suspense films ("The House on 92d Street"). He believes in gleaning characterization from pantomime, visual detail, realistic décor, so that his scenes seem to pull at one's eyeball; these are like a huge kaleidoscope made of splintered bits of New York. The views are beautifully varied to give the effect of a thousand eyes watching the ledge incident from all levels of a skyscraper scene. Part of the fun happens because he dares things with a camera that are considered frivolous by soul-searching directors—like the prolonged shot of the jumper's cigarette floating down to the crowd.

Hathaway has removed some of Barbara Bel Geddes's custardy sweetness, pushed Agnes Moorehead so fast she hardly has time to mug, rid Robert Keith of some flexibility, so that he is just about right as the dull, ineffectual Middle European father. However, the director is not nearly good enough with actors—in conveying the boy's abnormalities, or showing some degree of the "stinking life . . . rat-race" that drives Basehart out the window.

Of all the people who reason with him, the boy's mother (Moorehead) projects the most credible ugliness, but she has done her type of morbid hysteria so often before that it is hard to associate her with this particular trouble. Basehart seems totally confused by his role, either over-acting pathologically or simply standing in his nook like a neat, misplaced actor waiting for direction. After two hours he is no more convincing than in the first moment with the hotel waiter (Frank Faylen), in which Faylen tries to act a bit part into the Academy Award league and Basehart twitches out messages from his subconscious.

This spellbinder script by John Paxton is crammed with tricks and messages the size of dinosaur bones. The seven-point story is cleverly composed to put legs on a one-locale movie. While Douglas coaxes Basehart with conversation—baseball, fishing, picnics—dear to every "human" script, the camera dallies among hotel and sidewalk spectators and adjacent buildings, picking up six subplots that explain why the guy is contemplating suicide. Somehow these distracting vignettes only indicate the studio's realization that the morbid subject is mighty hard to tilt into a plea for better living. The patchwork continuity first pounces on a sidewalk romance played on the level of "the flowers, how sweetly they bloom." Then a cabbies' betting pool on the hour Basehart will jump tries to define cynical existence, but gives way to twinges of conscience almost before it is under way. A woman in the throes of a divorce suit sees the would-be suicide and changes her mind. Finally, the psychiatrist's explanation of the family's destructive role in Basehart's life pushes the suicide even farther out of the film.

The man on the ledge appears to be there for the visual image he offers to movie cameras; he is pinpointed dramatically against gray city-scape with the teetering, wall-hugging, tic-like movements that lead to a pre-climactic fall. His ordeal, made to order for the Special Photographic Effects department, is glimpsed with every lens maneuver and camera gimmick, and cast from every reflection known to trick cinema. The petulant blonde struggles with divorce attorneys and the window pane reflects the ledge incident; a TV room shows Basehart on six small screens; the final shot is seen in a bedroom mirror. These precious compositions produce the effect of a guy already wounded by existence being cornered by an indomitable camera man. After a few reels his actual situation is so confused by the machine-gun volleys of still-life compositions that one feels he has been inclosed in a coffin by the photography long before he decides whether or not to jump.

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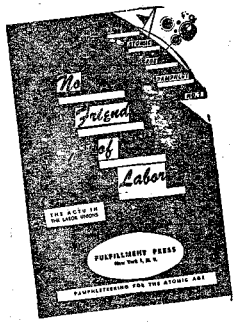

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

TO SATISFY my interest on the point I went to a New Friends of Music concert to hear the Budapest Quartet play the two Haydn quartets which it played also at the Y. M. H. A., and found that the sound of the entire group and of the first violin in particular did have more sensuous beauty in Town Hall than at the Y. where the over-all sound was dry and Roisman's tone was wiry in *forte*. But as I recall it the sound years ago was beautiful also at the Y, and even more beautiful than

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now in Town Hall. (Incidentally I found a smaller audience at the New Friends concert and a different one—to judge from the quieter and more relaxed atmosphere, which made the concert more enjoyable than those of earlier years.)

A Columbia record offers a recent Budapest Quartet performance of Mozart's K.387 and an LP version of the performance of K.421 issued some years ago. K.387 comes off the record with the almost harshly sharp distinctness of present-day Columbia recording that sharpens the edge on Roisman's tone; the more agreeable sound of the first movement of K.421 represents not only the different recording of ten years ago but, I think, the better playing of the group with Roisman in good form and Alexander Schneider as second violin; the less agreeable sound in subsequent movements and occasional distortion I take to represent defects in the original older recording or in its present dubbing. Apart from sound the performance of K.387 is less fluid and sensitive than the Calvet version (Capitol); and power is the outstanding characteristic of the Budapest performance of K. 421, as against the elegance and grace of the Hungarian Quartet version (Victor).

Other great works of Mozart issued on records include:

String Quartets K.458 ("Hunt") and 465, played by the Kroll Quartet without grace—the first and last movements of K.465 without animation—the violin sound sharp (Allegro).

String Quintet K.516 in G minor, excellently played by the Griller Quartet—the surface crackling and swishing occasionally, and a noisy resonance on side 2 (London).

String Quintet K.614, well played by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quintet. On the same record the Quintet K.452 for piano and winds, a less interesting work with a fine slow movement, played well by a Vienna Philharmonic wind group but with less grace than by the French group on Mercury, and reproduced with more brilliant sound but less clear texture (Westminster).

Quintet K.581 for clarinet and strings, beautifully played by Sidney Forrest and the Galimir Quartet—the bass weak, violins sharp (Lyrichord).

Sonata K.526 for violin and piano; also Sonata K.454, which has a fine slow movement but less interesting first and last movements. Both slow movements are beautifully played; but breathlessly fast tempos which result in brilliance in the other movements of K.526 contribute to a brutal treatment of those of K.454. The pitch drops on each side; the violin sound is sharp; surfaces are gritty (Allegro).

Also these fine works:

Quartet K.370 for oboe and strings, beautifully played by a Viennese group. On the same record the Divertimento K. App. 229 for two clarinets and bassoon, most of it quite charming, and the moderately engaging Quartet K. 285 for flute and strings, also well played by Viennese musicians. The pitch of all these is almost a half-tone too high (Westminster).

Trio K.498 for clarinet, viola, and piano, played by Sidney Forrest, Carlton Cooley, and Erno Balogh. A performance surprisingly (in view of Forrest's and Cooley's participation) without life and creating none in the music. On the same record a better performance of Brahms's Trio Opus 114 for clarinet, cello, and piano by Forrest, Bernard Greenhouse, and Balogh (Lyrichord).

Serenades K.375 and 388 for winds, played by a group from the Vienna Philharmonic. Marvelous writing for the instruments, and the brilliant K.375 has breathtaking details that are pointed up by the superb playing; but K.388, in C minor, has a power which I think is better realized in the string quintet version K.406. A few noises (Westminster).

Divertimento K.334 for strings and horns, a charming work with wonderful details in the beautiful variation-writing of the second movement, superbly played by a Viennese group. Again a resonance that is noisy on the second side (London).

For the rest, two fine Haydn quartets—Opus 64 No. 6 and Opus 76 No. 5—are played well by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet (Westminster). And the great Goldberg-Kraus-Pini performances of his Trios Nos. 2, 3, and 5 have been dubbed on Decca LP's from the Parlophone 78's with quite satisfactory sound and occasional noisy defects that are not too bad. The fourth side has the wonderful Andante and Variations in F minor for piano, badly played by Kraus.

Of Bach there is the charming Suite No. 2 for flute and strings, with fine playing in occasionally stodgy tempos by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Münchinger (London).

And of Handel six of the Sonatas for violin and figured bass, recorded for Columbia by Alexander Schneider with Ralph Kirkpatrick and Frank Miller. Two—the best-known No. 13 in D, and No. 15 in E—are very fine; the others I find less interesting. They are well performed (the harpsichord can be heard most of the time!), except that in Nos. 13 and 15 Schneider doesn't sound to me absolutely on pitch a few times; but in these two his tone doesn't come off the record coarse and split as it does in the others.

Goldberg's excellent performance of No. 13 is dubbed on a Decca LP from the Parlophone 78's, with the uninteresting Haydn Violin Concerto in C. Sound good; surfaces noisy.

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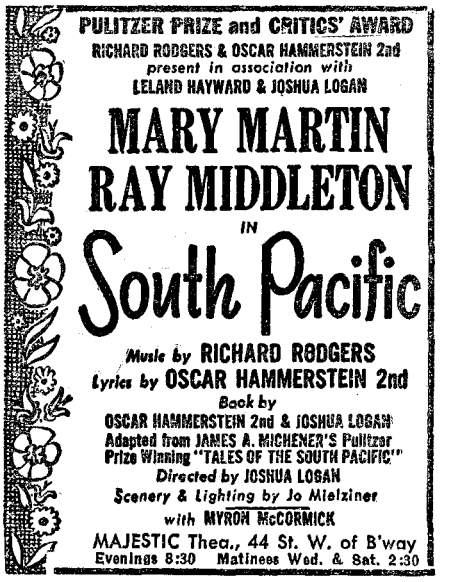
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A. W. Replies

Dear Sirs: When I commented on André Gide in the issue of March 10 I did not speak of the attitude of *all* Frenchmen to Gide; nor did I speak of the Communists. I referred especially to a great number of writers of the younger generation and produced as convincing evidence of their dislike of Gide the almost uniformly hostile referendum run by *Combat* two years ago. The Communists are hostile to Gide partly, though not solely, for the specific reasons mentioned by Mr. O'Brien [in the correspondence columns of March 25]. But there are other far more vitally interesting writers like Sartre, Camus, and Malraux whom they dislike as much.

If Mr. O'Brien cared to quote in full not only what the aesthetes have written about Gide but also the comments of a good cross-section of the press—including the *Monde*, with its extremely nuanced article by Robert Kemp, and the Catholic *Aube*, and not omitting Mauriac's witty crack in *Figaro*—it would be found that the average assessment of Gide is far from being as favorable as he suggests. If some right-wing papers were surprisingly charitable to him, it was chiefly because he had quarreled with the Communists.

Jean Paul Sartre, incidentally, in one of the few whole-hearted tributes to Gide, published in the March issue of *Temps Modernes*, deplores what he calls "the hypocrisy, the mental reservations, the abject stink of the obituary articles"—those very articles which Mr. O'Brien seems to have taken at face value. Sartre is quite right in having detected the fundamental hostility of these articles.

But what I said about the critics was merely that few of them got anywhere near the current British conception of Gide as "France's greatest writer." What I dwelt on, on the strength of a fairly close acquaintance with young French writers, especially Catholics, and the student milieu, was the sharp reaction against Gide that I have observed on innumerable occasions. Gidism was immensely fashionable among the educated young people of France fifteen or twenty years ago. The disaster of 1940 and the Resistance and Vichy experiences, each in its own way, threw up masses of new ideas in France and brought about a reassessment of political and moral values in the course of which Gide was discarded as destructive, unclean, and rather unreal.

Among three of the most vital forces in France today—call them, for the sake of simplicity, Gaullism, Catholicism, and communism—Gide is, fundamentally, regarded as a pernicious influence, in so far as he continues to be an influence at all. You might say that all three are *intolerant*. Well, yes, the other more democratic elements in France *tolerate* Gide, but I still have to find a group of Frenchmen other than professional or amateur aesthetes who, while admiring his considerable achievements, are particularly proud of his contribution to French life and thought.

I cannot close this letter without referring again to one of my main points—Gide's war-time record. In France this demonstration of his moral bankruptcy counts for far more than Mr. O'Brien apparently realizes.

I might add that I had not even read Dominique Desanti's comments in *Lettres Françaises*. Mr. O'Brien's suggestion that I copied my paragraph from this Communist article is alarmingly typical of the "smear methods" so common in the United States and now beginning to spread also to this side of the Atlantic. If you don't agree with somebody, you only have to say he is a Communist, or talks like one, and you've got him. The editor of the *Monde* was right when he wrote some time ago that before long people will be scared to say it's raining, since a Communist may have had the Machiavellian idea, a minute before, of saying so too.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, March 15

Aid for Poet

Dear Sirs: We should like to urge your readers to join with us in bringing medical care to the young American poet Kenneth Patchen, who has been crippled for many years with rheumatoid arthritis. Treatment is expensive, and a substantial sum will be needed. Checks may be made payable to Winifred H. Bonnell, 18 Gramercy Park South, New York 3.

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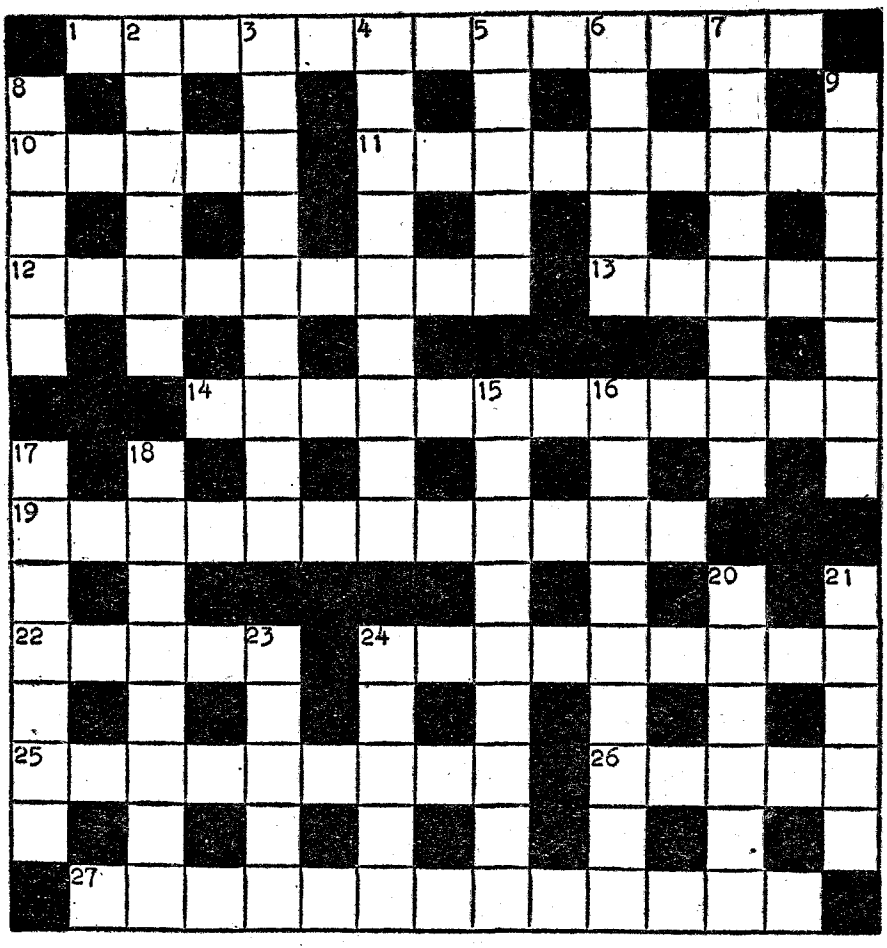
Crossword Puzzle No. 406

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Where one saw the Little Man who wasn't there? (6, 2, 5)
10 Keep away! The quarantined one returns! (5)
11 Detestably. (9)
12 Strong silent men, up north? (9)
13 Dog in its wild state. (5)
14 Essentially contains carbon monoxide, in a manner hard to understand. (12)
19 What the bombardier might do to insure a good report. (5, 7)
22 The lady from here didn't enjoy the ride back! (5)
24 A better one insures a well-beaten path. (5-4)
25 A "serenade" has a varied beginning after I get a burnt head. (9)
26 I'm in the middle of the middle! Simple, isn't it? (5)
27 "Get up"? (8, 5)

DOWN

2 A spell of something on your chest. (6)
3 Opening their veins might prove profitable. (4, 5)
4 A good game for the majority of people. (6-3)
5 False little things, it's true. (5)
6 A first-class Communist might be so exposed. (5)
7 Truman and Dr. Caligari had them. (8)
8 One of three who won't work before the boys are marching. (5)
9 An example might be proper for good. (7)
15 Putting an end to doing. (9)
16 One from the Atlantic side might be found near trees. (9)
17 If you stuff yourself with it, will your eyes pop? (7)
18 Looks like the insect gets worsted first. (8)
20 Aspire to get such commendation. (6)
21 The seas are rising with celerity. (5)
23 Act like a king of 22. (5)
24 Puccini's girl has a heart. (5)

• • ⊙ • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 405

ACROSS:—1 ANY PORT IN A STORM; 9 LACED; 10 PHILANDER; 11 ENTITLE; 12 HOGARTH; 13 IMMURES; 14 REREADS; 16 TENABLE; 19 ISRAELI; 21 EXTENDS; 23 LIONIZE; 24 EUPHEMISM; 25 LLAMA; 26 PICTURE POST-CARD.

DOWN:—1 ASLEEP IN THE DEEP; 2 YACHTSMEN; 3 OLDSTER; 4 TAPPETS; 5 NEITHER; 6 SWAGGER; 7 OLDER; 8 MARTHA'S VINEYARD; 15 AMERICANA; 17 BANDEAU; 18 ERSKINE; 19 IN LIMBO; 20 ROOTLET; 22 TOPIC.

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